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Little by Little.

"Little by little," as the poem said
As it slowly sank in its moony bed,
"I am going every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot;
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depth of the dark blue sea,
An insect train work ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to work or to play,
Rock upon rock they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air
Little by little bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile
On the birds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my hand shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I'll do it well.
Little by little I'll learn to know
The treasure of wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days, perhaps, we'll see
That the world will be the better for me."
And do not you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

None of your Business.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

I was a little girl of ten summers,
When I heard the following story.
It struck me then as something quite out
Of the usual routine of things, and I
Have treasured it in my memory for
Many years.

I was my brother's pet, and one
Evening, after his return from Europe,
When he was about to welcome to his
Own home a number of friends whom
He had not met for years, I begged him
To let me remain in the parlor, close
Beside him. He did not refuse me and
So I listened to, and enjoyed the con-
versation with him, with real childish
gusto.

"How was it, Charlie?" asked my
brother, turning to a fine-looking gentle-
man, with large blue eyes, and a pleas-
ing face, who sat at his right, stroking
his beard leisurely with his fingers.
"How did you win that most inexora-
ble of all ladies, your guardian's
daughter?"

The gentleman smiled one of the
most bewitching smiles I ever beheld
and said, with some little hesitancy in
his voice and manner:
"O, that was a singular affair, which
though it may be very amusing to listen
to, was, nevertheless, hard to endure.
I am not sure that it will benefit you
to hear it."

"How was it?" asked my brother,
and "How was it, Mr. Davies?" cho-
rused in some half-dozen voices.

"Since you are all my friends, and
having seen my Mabel, cannot blame
me that my love for her bordered on
frenzy, I will tell you how at last, every-
thing was brought about to my mind.
Well, as stories have it, I was poor,
and Mabel was an heiress. I was in
love with her; but if she was with me,
she kept that love secret. She never
told me so. Consequently, my life
grew to be one prolonged misery,
though, all the while I hoped against
hope.

Ah, but the day of all days, when
affairs came to a crisis; when the dar-
kest hour of night gave way, making
room for the bright morning of my
love. Telling Mabel that I loved her,
had grown to be one of my daily cus-
toms, as much as that of attending
regularly, family prayers, every morn-
ing, and, if I remember rightly, usually
followed the morning's worship, while
we were left alone together in the sit-
ting-room. So, upon that memorable
day of which I speak, I said, "Mabel,
if you will only love me I will do any-
thing in the world for you; make any
sacrifice that you may name; endanger
my life; jeopardize my health and
strength; anything."

Mabel looked seriously at me for a
moment, and then added:
"Charles, do you realize what you
have been saying?"

"O, yes! most certainly I do. Name
the wish in which you wish to test my
love, and you shall find that I am true
—as the eternal heavens!"

"Well, that will do. We are
to have a party to-morrow night," she
commenced, seriously, will you promise
me to attend it?"

I bowed an assent.
"To-morrow forenoon," she contin-
ued resting her white hand upon my
arm, and coming up closely to my side,
"I want you to make several calls for
me. One at the R. House, one at N.
Hotel, and one upon Miss Reeves at
her father's house on B. Street; and
more, I wish you to promenade for a
considerable length of time up and
down Broadway."

"With all my heart, dear Mabel," I
responded, "I see nothing disagreeable
in that."

"But you have not heard me through-
ly; when you have, you may protest
at once against my test as you are
pleased to term it."

"Never, never, Mabel!"

"Well, I wish you to make this an-
swer to every person that addresses you
upon the street, at the hotel, or in any
place you chance to be."

"What?" I asked breathlessly.

"These words—None of your busi-
ness!"

"Y-e-s, y-e-s," I stammered, my face
flushing crimson.

"Very well. And now but one thing
more; you must report upon your word
and honor to me the whole of your ad-
ventures. "Will you?"

"Yes, Mabel," I answered, feebly.

"Well then, here is my hand on the
bargain. After you have performed
faithfully your mission, perhaps—" she
blushed, held down her head, and did
not finish the sentence. I bent my lips
down to hers, kissed her passionately,
and left her to ponder alone upon her
strange request.

I must say, "None of your business,"
to every person that speaks to me, I
mused alone when in my chamber.
Why, people will think me insane!
Miss Reeves, delightful Miss Reeves,
beautiful Miss Reeves, will order her
father's servant to turn me out of doors.
She'll think I go there on purpose to
insult her. By Jove, it's too bad!
If any woman but Mabel had proposed
such a method of procedure to me, I
would have annihilated her by a single
look. But Mabel! dear Mabel—I'll do
it.

The following morning at ten o'clock,
I started for the N. Hotel. My guar-
dian's house was a long distance from
it, and during my walk I met many of
my acquaintances. As good luck would
have it, they were all too hurried to
greet me with anything beyond a bow
and a good morning, until I met good
parson W. In vain I tried to
dodge him; looked in every direction
but the one from which he was coming,
but to no account. He put his hand on
my arm and sounded a round good
morning in my ears.

I bowed and moved a step forward,
but he held me fast.

"Do not hurry, young man. I wish
to speak with you upon a subject which
should put every other out of sight—of
your immortal soul!"

I bowed again.

"How have you felt in your mind
since I last conversed with you?"

O, that odious sentence with which
I had vowed to answer every one who
spoke to me, how could I utter it!

"How have you felt?" he repeated,
looking anxiously in my face.

"None of your business!" I answered
plump and fair.

The gentleman looked as though he
expected the earth to open under my
feet, so he stepped back from me.

"Young man," he said solemnly, "be-
ware how you treat lightly affairs per-
taining to your immortal interests. I
forgive your insult to me—"

I broke away from him before he
had completed the sentence. I was
half crazed.

A few moments' brisk walk brought
me to the N. Hotel, which I entered
with the air of martyr. I had but just
stepped inside the hall, when a loud,
brisk voice began:

"Good morning, Mr. Davies; you are
just the person I have been wishing to
see. Step into the parlor, if you
please, while I whisper in your ear a
bit of good news."

I thought for a certainty that I should
sink through the floor, as I reluctantly
followed my worthy friend, Mr. Allen,
through the hall. For many months
he had been striving to make room for
me in his extensive wholesale ware-
house; because he had taken an inter-
est in me, and knew that my yearly
allowances ceased when my education
was finished.

"Davies, have it all arranged now
as I have so long wished. You can
have the head clerkship in our estab-
lishment, and receive a good round
substantial salary. If you are faithful,
in a few years you shall come in with
us as a partner. We old men need a
young man like you, to look after us.
What do you say?"

My tongue clove to the roof of my
mouth. I thought I should fall from
the chair in which I was sitting.

"Say, Davies, my good fellow, what
do you think of it?"

"None—none of your business!" I
gasped.

Mr. Allen looked me in the face a
moment, and then arose, proudly with
a "Very well, sir."

I buried my face in my hands, I had
insulted the warmest friend I had in
the whole city.

Nothing can be worse than this, I
thought. I will walk through the re-
maining scenes of this farce, like an
undamned actor.

"Hallo, Charlie," was the next ex-
clamation that startled me, as I was
walking up the steps of the R—
House, and at the same moment a hand
was laid familiarly on my shoulder. "I
haven't seen you for a number of weeks
—not since I was married. By the way,
you haven't seen my little wife yet;
come up now and be introduced,"
continued my friend, too busy with his
own thoughts to notice I did not reply
to him.

"I believe truly, Davies, that I
am the happiest man in existence. This
way," and he led me up a broad flight
of stairs and passed before a door upon
the first landing.

"We have a suit of rooms here."

A moment more and I was in the
presence of Mrs. Thomas Langley—a
pretty, sweet-looking brunette.

"My friend, Mr. Davies, Mrs. Lan-
gley!" commenced Tom, with a sort of
pride visible in his tone. "One of my
boon companions," he continued, as I
bent low over the white hand of the
lady.

What would I have given to have
been myself for the next half hour.
I cursed myself for the foolish promise
I had made; in my heart I called Ma-
bel everything but a true woman.

Why shouldn't I? I was making a
fool of myself, a laughing stock among
my friends. At last a bright thought
struck me. Mabel had said that every
reply of mine must be—"None of your
business!" Surely I was not precluded
from asking questions myself. So I
commenced a lively conversation with
the lady, which I should have enjoyed
heartily, had I not been trembling all
the while with fear lest she should ask
me a question. One came at last,
which I answered in French. I saw
at once that she did not understand the
language, but was too proud to admit
the fact. I looked at Tom. His eyes
blazed like fire. He was as familiar
with the language as his own mother
tongue. A moment more and I bowed
myself out of the room. Tom's fiery
glance followed. He was possessed of
a high temper, and I felt anything
but sure as to the way the affair would
terminate.

Decidedly uncomfortable in my feel-
ings, I made my way towards the home
of Miss Reeves. You may judge of
my joy, my happiness, on being told
that the lady was away! With one
bound I cleared the steps and landed
on the sidewalk. I have always felt
thankful to her for her timely absence.

I walked briskly up Broadway con-
gratulating myself that my trials were
nearly ended, but rowing in my inmost
heart that I would never bestow another
tender thought upon Mabel Annis.

A little beggar-girl crossed my way
and asked me if I would give her a
penny, and I thundered out my answer
to her, at the same moment I dropped
a silver coin in her thin hand. "I could
say 'None of your business,' to the king!"
I exclaimed, looking resolutely
about me.

"How are you getting along?" sound-
ed a pleasant voice at my elbow. I
looked around to see the roguish, laugh-
ing face of Mabel Annis.

"None of your business!" I answered
with marked emphasis.

At two o'clock, P. M., I reached
home sick and disheartened. I had lost
a lucrative situation, as well as the con-
fidence of a tried and esteemed friend.
I had insulted a woman; and treated
with levity and disrespect the teach-
ings of a minister of the gospel, be-
sides making myself ridiculous in nu-
merous other instances. There was
nothing left for me now, but leave the
city. If I remained in it, I should
always be notorious.

With an air of sullenness and pride,
I sought Mabel in the parlor, and told
her all my exploits as well as I could,
omit- ting of course, the most dis-
tasteful part of my story.

"After you have called upon Miss
Reeves, we'll talk about—" commenced
Mabel.

Then you will never have that
privilege!" I said, sternly, interrupting
her.

"Just as you please," returned Ma-
bel, with a pretty toss of the head.

"That I have acted the part of a
foolish, inexperienced boy, I'll admit,
Mabel," I said. "That you have made
my love for you a weapon against my-
self, you are well aware. But I am
stronger now, than I was this morning.
I do not think if you had cared for me
even as a brother, you would have
aided in making me appear ridiculous."

"But indeed, Charlie, I didn't mean
any harm; it was so funny that I
couldn't help telling you to do it. You
were always telling me to test your
love, you know."

"Test my love, Mabel? Why did
you not tell me something to do that
would have been an honor to you in
the suggestion, and to me, in the per-
formance of it? Why didn't you tell
me to be a brave, true man, true to
myself, and true to you, instead of send-
ing me out on a mean mission to dis-
grace myself, and make my best friends
my enemies?"

"Is it too late for you to be a true
man now, Charlie? Won't you try to
be one if I ask you?"

I looked into Mabel's face. Great
tears were running down her cheeks,
and her red lips were quivering with
emotion. My heart smote me for what
I had been saying. After all, I loved
Mabel better than any one in the world.

I began to feel a strange, choking sen-
sation in my throat, and a rising of
tears in my eyes, which in my new
strength of manhood I would not have
had Mabel seen for the world, so I
turned slowly away from her and left
the room. I thought it was unmanly
to weep.

Until six o'clock in the evening I
busied myself in my room packing my
trunk. When my task was nearly com-
pleted, I was interrupted by a low rap
at the door, and on opening it Mabel
stood before me her eyes red and
swollen with weeping.

"I am going away," I said, as she
glanced inquiringly about the room.

"I have done all that I can, to repair
the wrong I did you," she said; "I have
called on Mr. Allen, and he said that
the situation was still yours, and that
you were perfectly excusable. At my
explanation, and said that he did not
clame you. And parson W.—though
harder to convince than the other gen-
tlemen, said that when he had an op-
portunity of conversing with you, he
didn't doubt he should fully exculpate
you from all blame. That is all," and
she turned to go.

"No, no, Mabel, you shall not go
from me in this way, after you have
proved yourself so noble a woman. Only
consent to be my wife, and I will be
everything you wish me to be," I said,
passionately, drawing her to my side.

"Will you be my wife?"

Again Mabel's rosy lips quivered, and
her delicate eyelids drooped over her

eyes, as she placed both her hands in
mine. And I don't believe there was
ever a happier person in existence than
I, when I pressed a betrothal kiss upon
her lips. It is needless to say that
parson W— was wholly reconciled,
when three weeks after, he was the re-
cipient of a round, handsome bridal
fee at Mabel's and my wedding."

A Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW JR.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—The debt that
sits heaviest upon the conscience of a
mortal, provided he has one—is the
debt due the printer. It presses harder
on one's bosom than the nightmare,
galls the soul, frets and chafes every
noble sentiment, squeezes all the
glues of fraternal sympathy from the
heart, and leaves it dryer than the sur-
face of a roasted potato. A man who
wrongs the printer out of a single red
cent can never expect to enjoy the
comforts of this world, and may well
have doubts of finding happiness in any
other.

Oh! you ungrateful sinners! If you
have hearts moistened with the dew of
mercy, instead of gizzards filled with
gravel, take heed what I say unto you.
If there be one among you in this con-
gregation who has not settled his ac-
count with the printer, go and adjust it
immediately, and be able to hold up
your head in society like a giraffe—be
respected by the wise and good—free
from the torture of a guilty conscience,
the mortification of repeated duns, and
escape from falling into the clutches of
lawyers, which is one and the same
thing. If you are honest and honora-
ble men,